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I strolled along quite laz
ty yaller gal dat wa
o set dis nigga cra
n her at de wind
as my dear Luc
essed a neat, a
guv my life
to de door,
I kept a ring
ouched de ba
st out a singin
dear Luciuda,
her at de wiud
eally given her h
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THE NEW MINSTREL REVIEW

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EDITED BY

ABEED FREEMAN

DE FURST VOLUME

2025

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INTRODUCTION

I SAH! I SAH! I SAH!

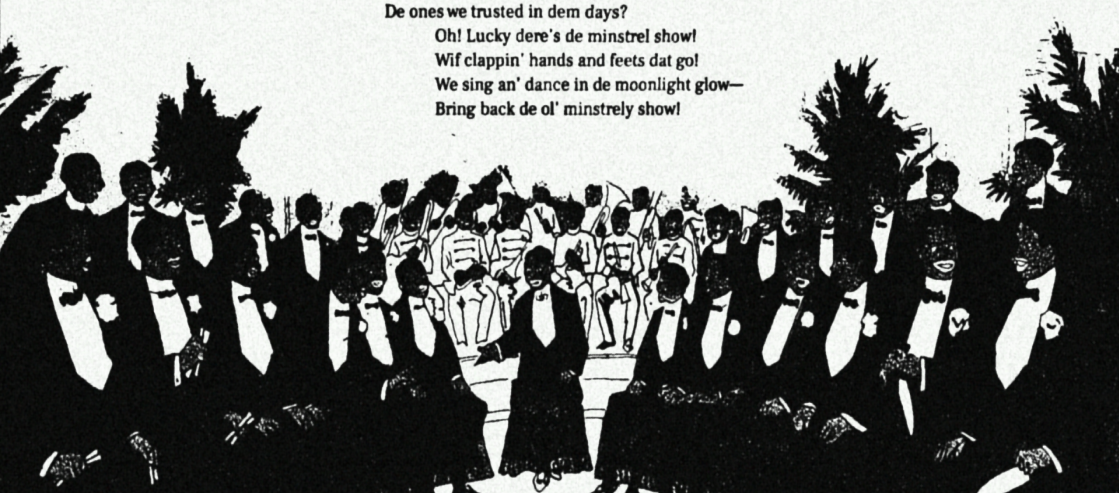
Let's bring back de minstrel show! An' why not? Sum wud sah dat de good ole minstrely show is a form ob prejudice, but I sah:

de only ting das raciss, is de explenayshun. . .

So let's bring back de minstrel shoo! wif da big lapels an' tie, an' da black-cork coon! Wif da checka'-stripe an' da colaful festoon! Darkies a'sandin' an' a'tappin'! Playin' de bones wif da tambo' a'clappin'!

SO LET'S BRING BACK DE MINSTREL SHOW!

Fo' it seem today, dat all yu see,
Am fightin' an' trubba',
On de movin' screen!
So where am dem ol'-fashn'd ways,
De ones we trusted in dem days?
Oh! Lucky dere's de minstrel show!
Wif clappin' hands and feets dat go!
We sing an' dance in de moonlight glow—
Bring back de ol' minstrely show!



Ride on, Darkies.

As sung by J. Smith, the great Bone player in White's Band of Serenaders.

If you do feel as we do feel,
By and by, by and by,
When our memory round us steals,
By and by.

Oh, Gemblem, wery obliged to you,
By and by, by and by,
For fotching along de ladies too,
By and by.

In listening to this darkey band,
By and by, by and by,
Who sing their songs throughout the land,
By and by.

Now white folks my song is done,
By and by, by and by,
I hope I have offended none,
By and by.

I'll come again to-morrow night,
By and by, by and by,
And throw myself clear out ob sight,
By and by.

Chorus: Ride on, darkies—oh, ride on,
We'r on our journey home,
Oh, o, o, o;
Ride on, darkies—oh, ride on,
We'r on our journey home.

DEDICATIONS

TO DE MAGAZINE.

O! Magazine, yo' contents so deep,
Let dis nigga gaze at de secrets yu keep.
Let de reada' grasp yo' knowledge supreme,
Lak how de butta' arrive from de cream.
Lak how de gould do glisten to de eye,
O! Magazine, yu make me wanna die.
Every time I do flip yo' humble pages,
My hand do shake, lak de ocean rages.
Yo' size so large, and yo' contents so pure,
If de sickness is ignorance, yu is de cure.
Significant tome, yo' structure so clear,
If knowledge is de boat, den yu is de pier.

TO DE AUTHORS.

Industrious author, how you write so good?
You the best writer in de neighborhood.
You write so well and yu write so long,
When yu write de words, they get along.
When yu craft de text, yu make us see,
So dat we lak de possum in de tree.
We up so high, and we look below,
We was ignant, but now we know.
When we read yo' work, so nice and neat,
It jas' lak eatin' de melon so sweet.
De tings yu make, is de necta' to da soul,
If de pages was a pit, yu fill de hole.
O! Yu is de Saturn, and we is de rings.
Yu is de Sun, an' we de Erf dat spins.
Yu is supernal, in the action yu do,
You wrote so much, so it must be true.
We sing yo' praises, kase yu is big,
Yo' works is de watta, an' we take de swig.
Without yo' writin', we would surely die,
An' if yu nebber wrote, we'd always cry.
So we give yu de wreath, and wish yu well,
O! Goodly author, we's unda' yo' spell.

OLD ZIP COON
WAXES WISE.

Old Zip Coon

WAXES WISE.

A MODERN MINSTREL CLASSIC, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS
"DE DIALOGUE", WHEREIN THE TITULAR AND WELL
KNOWN COON DEBATES SOME WIZENED
GREEKS ON THE NATURE
OF VIRTUE &c.

BY

STRUGGS "SIT 'N' WAIT"

CONTENTS.

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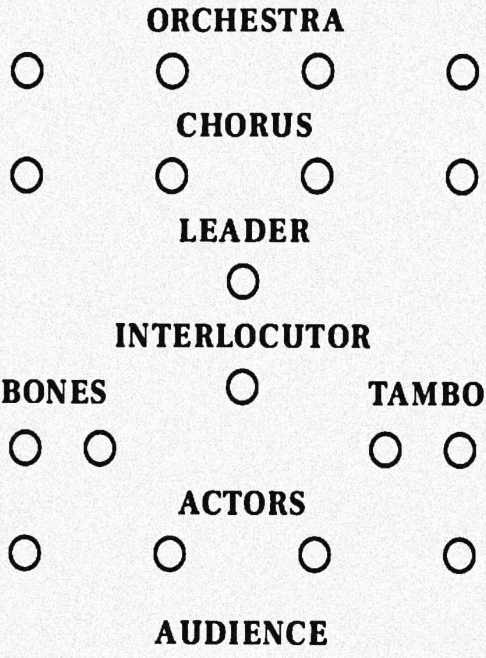
HOW TO PERFORM.

Minimal knowledge, but some familiarity, with the usual repertoire of miscellaneous songs, jokes, after-pieces, stump speeches, monologues, etc., is required for the performance of "Old Zip Coon Waxes Wise".

The arrangement of the stage is much simpler than the usual minstrel show, it is as follows:—



The Orchestra consists of two banjo players, a drummer, and one bassist.

The Chorus consists of four good singers, and a leader who is literate and knows how to interpret a clock.

The interlocutor is to be flanked by the bones and tambourine players on each side, who are to react to the performance and engage in the introductory portion, the usual etc.

The actor for the titular "Zip Coon" should be a minstrel man with reasonable experience, and good expressiveness. If you can find three ethnic Greeks for the other roles, this would be optimal.

No stage effects are required, but if you wish to enchant the audience with a mystical feeling of antiquity, here is a recipe for "green fire".

Nitrate of Barytes, ...	62½ parts.
Sulphur, ...	10½ parts.
Potash, ...	23½ parts.
Orpiment, ...	1½ parts.
Charcoal, ...	1½ parts.

The performance can be modified to whatever degree of skills the organizers are capable of. What is shown here are mostly suggestions, for minstrel entertainment gives the young amateur rare opportunities to display talent in the vocal, comedy, and dancing lines. No form of entertainment is so replete with comedy, nor gives such universal satisfaction when well represented.

OLD ZIP COON WAXES WISE.

[Opening melody, e.g. "Turkey in the Straw".]

Interlocutor—Gentlemen, be seated.

Bones—I say, missa' Interlocutor, fo jis what is we gathered here today?

Interlocutor—I'm glad you asked, Mr. Bones, today we have the great enjoyment of witnessing a performance, which is as amusing, as it is enlightening.

Bones—Enliddenin? [Eyes him suspiciously.]

Interlocutor—Yes, Mr. Bones. In other words, educational, or pertaining to wisdom.

Bones—O! Yass, dar is much wisdom in de 'liddenin, dat am's know fo' sho'!

Interlocutor—How come, Mr, Bones?

Bones—Well, I's tell you dis, I had me a friend.

Interlocutor—A friend?

Bones—Yes sir, a friend.

[The tambourine player falls over.]

Bones—Now, dis friend ob mine, one time he bought himsef a brand new hat.

Interlocutor—A hat, you say?

Bones—O! Yass, a hat! And I sho' was cobbetous of dat dar article of cloddin'!

Interlocutor—So what'd you do, Mr. Bones?

Bones—I's used wisdom.

Interlocutor—Wisdom?

[The tambourine player gets back up.]

Bones—O! Yass. I apple-pie'd de wisdom, in de form ob a brick, obber dat nigga head! And dis sho' enlid-dened him of de burden of his brand new hat!

Interlocutor—But didn't you ruin the hat this way?

Bones—O! Yass sir! Dat was de educational part!

[Audience laughs, hopefully.]

Interlocutor—And now, ladies and gentlemen, N.N.!

[Orchestra plays brief introductory melody.]

[The actors enter the stage.]

Antimoerus—Greetings to everyone. Now, my cousin, Asebeius, will begin the discussion concerning virtue, for as he has informed me, he is of the opinion that men do not become good by reason of nature alone, but also by other means of artifice.

Zip—Now, hold on jist a minute dar!.. Virtoo, as you so calls it, yo' hunorable phulosofee... would you care to emaciate for us wat dis in parteekular am? Since if we don't know what it is, we can't know wat it wus. And if we can't know wat it wus, we may as well not know dat it wusn't!

Asebeius—Virtue, fellow Zip, is the quality of some-thing, and as it pertains to men, it is the quality such as the skill of a carpenter, or the skill of a good cook. Unlike

my cousin, I maintain that just as a man who wishes to be a good carpenter, or a good cook, would go to these superiors to learn these skills, so too can the disposition of a man, or in other words, the goodness of a man, be taught by men who posses it.

Diagoras—But how did these good men come to posses it, Asebeius? For if we assume that virtue in men consists of descent, we must conclude that the virtues of the beginning of this world brought into the progenitor of man the good. And if this were the case, then men would only acquire more virtue in the following generations. It is clearly not the case that the men of today posses an overabundance of virtue.

Zip—'Top massa. Now, mista Diaboorus, if it is as you say dat de men touday is bad, 'kase de granpappy ob all granpappies wus a bad man himsef, den do it not consulate dat if it were truly so, dat no good can come ob dis, so dat den dar wud be no birtoo, and furder still, no men livin' in dis world! You see, de world is de frying-pan, and man is de fish dat is fried in de pan, and we poor suckers is what de pan done brown to perfection, or —as is de case wif my poor old uncle Stuggs P. Limenollium, who was a ribberboatsmen—putrified and emoolsufeid into dat burnt-cork soot dat we as men understand to be de bad, as lakwise de opposite is de good. Jus' well I's can't learn a fish de virtue of a man. But I sho knows a mis'ble darkie is quick ta attain de virtue ob de porkchop when he has thoorulee masticated upon it.

Diagoras—I am going to leave.

[Diagoras exists the stage.]

Antimoerus—Asebeius, you have alluded to the fact that it is possible for virtue to be taught. Furthermore you have claimed to have demonstrated this by teaching youths to be good men. But have you not considered that these youths, being of good breeding, already contain the virtue of the good in themselves, just as the seed can be said to contain the tree that it would become. In this way you have tricked their noble parents, for you only act as an impotent midwife.

Asebeius—But perhaps, Antimoerus, you are wrong? For no matter how the air and water a man is exposed to may influence his virtue, without the direction of other men, he will be like unformed clay, which contains all the potential to be a vase, but will never become so, lacking the efficient cause which men such as myself can, and do, impart onto them.

Zip—De fishin' 'kase? Now dat dar is a notion stemming from de stomach. But I digest... You see, massa Asebeius, if I were to have a weakness, suppose, to chickens, and I did find mysef in de chicken coop when I wasn't pose ta be dar, den it would swallow dat I'm acting against my virtoo. And I know for sure dat no man is liable to act against himsef, unless he is acted upon! Foh incense, back in dat sweet and savory state of Georgyia, when I was but a yungin, I chanced to see one day dat de preecha, who was a man of God, was in dat same chicken coop, what I already mentioned! Now what odder den God could have acted upon him to put him in dat

coop, where he wasn't pose to be? You see, a man's learnin', and a man's natur, so in full,—his virtoo, is in de end crafted for him by tings which was crafted by someting odder, and lak dis onto affinity and fudder away to de bossom of de Lord!

Antimoerus—Indeed, fellow Zip, Homer makes use of the same expression, as do the rest of the poets also. When, for example, a god wishes a man to do well, he makes it so that this or that man is good. And when the god takes away the good from men, it is because he did not wish them to be good. Virtue, then, is a thing not to be taught or induced by artifice, but exists by a divine allotment to those who possess it.

Diagoras—[Enters the stage,] I have returned.

Asebeius—If it is a question of divine allotment, as you say, Antimoerus, then it is necessary to prove that gods indeed influence men in such a way, and not in some other way. For it follows, that I could just as well make the same claim, with the favor of the god on my behalf. So that the order of things, as you have laid them out, would be turned into my favor. If this is true, Antimoerus, then you have made a great error.

Antimoerus—I disagree with you, Asebeius, and I wish you nothing but harm. However, let us take pause, for now it is time that fellow Zip will perform a melody.

Zip—Now, good swallows, dis hea dat I have been handed is call'd a lyre. Well den, as is plainlee obius, I ain't never been no lyre befoo, and I sure ain't nebber played at one, but dis hea can't be no mar difficult den

circulating de square, or whatever come natural, otherwise. Now, as you gemmen can clearly undastand, de lyre has only fibe strings, so I'm sho' bound to give you a little maffematical ditty consicing in de emencipation of de lumination ob de number fibe enumeration!

Oh fibe is de numba, dat I'm gwine take,
I sleep all day till afternoon,
Lak buckwheat in de cake!
De possum got four fingers,
De fib one is de tumb,
An' when dat possom I do chase,
Dat possum start to run!
Chorus: Oh! Good massas!
You, listen close right now!
De areef-matik ob de fibe,
Now imma tell you how!
When my skeen began to pale,
I went for de ink,
I put fibe drops in de glass,
And I began to drink!
Oh! I's gots fibe little chillen,
I calls 'em one thru fibe,
And when they mawma pester me,
I go an' drink my rye!
Chorus: Oh! Good massas!
You listen close right now!
De areef-matik ob de fibe,
An' I jist told you how!

[Zip, turning to the Interlocutor.]

Zip—I sah! I sah! Boss! Dese wizened Greeks sure is a handful... Now, you may not believe, but dis hea is not my furst time dealin' wif de Greeks!

Interlocutor—Really?

Zip—Yes sir. Why, I once bought mysef a chicken frum an astrolologer ob de Greek persuasion!

Interlocutor—An astrologer?

Zip—Yes, yes, an astrolologer! His name wus Di-og-en-us. But, to facilitate matters, I will call him jist Di. Now, Di wus de foolishest man dat I ebber had de misfortune ob doin' bidness wif!

Interlocutor—How come?

Zip—See, I told's him dat I wud gib 50¢ fo' dat dere hen, which he so professed ta me ta sell! But jist as de sky is blue, so de astrolologer is clebber!

Interlocutor—What did he do, Zip?

Zip—He said ta me, wif his sagacity, dat he had read it in de stars ob de firmament, dat dat dar chicken was bawn unda' de ee-qui-nox, and 'kase o' dat I wud buy dat dere chicken for no more den $2!

Interlocutor—$2?

Zip—Yes sir, $2. Now, nobody ebber saw a colored man dat didn't like chickens. But I sho' wasn't ready ta limitate my caskets on jist one hen!

Interlocutor—So what did you do, Zip?

Zip—Well, after some deliberation, I came upon de consultation wif da ideation! So I gave him de $2, but I didn't take de chicken!

Interlocutor—How come? [Appears amazed.]

Zip—Well I had ta prove him a bad astrololiger!

[Attendants laugh.]

[Tambourine players rattle.]

Diagoras—Gentlemen, you have spoken about virtue, but can you tell us what is justice?

Asebeius—The unjust man is unjust through what is opposite to what is just. Justice then, depends on the virtue of the man, whether it is good or bad.

Antimoerus—The question, Asebeius, is not reducible to virtue, for the question is about what is justice.

Zip— Gemmen! Gemmen! Is it not ebident? Fo' as you know, dat de fat ob de pork is reducible to de grease. Ta tink odderwise wud be imbecility! So if we reductafie de justice into da virtoo, den it who is to sah dat we cannot reductafie it fudder?

Diagoras—[Visibly Angered.] If justice is reducible to virtue, and virtue is reducible to, as you two contend, either to fate or to skill, it follows that we must ask: to what are these reducible to?

Asebeius—Fellow Diagoras, reduction to skill is an absurd notion. The way we are to determine what justice is, is to look to examples in the intercourse of men.

Antimoerus—This is not true.

Diagoras—But, Asebeius, then you would be reducing justice to the intercourse of men, yet you say that reduction, pertaining to this question, is an absurd notion.

Antimoerus—Both of you are fools, for you forget the gods. For do we not give honor to Themis, as determin-

ing what is just within communal affairs, and the assemblies of men?

Zip—Onorable massas... if I may endebba ta dissolve de dispute dat you are so encaptified by, I sah de wallowing: why should de gods rule de destinies of men? 'Kase they drink de amboosah? No! I've got a cousin dat drinks his liquor ten times a week, per de day, and you can bet no god is his boss, on account of de fact dat he is still somehow counted among da libbin! An' as I had so formerlee elucimated, dat which was de question, I do now fix ta produce de answa to dat question. Dis is called de "rhetolical." So dis ebenin' I tell you, gemmen: de fat is reductable into da grease, as is ebident from cookery, but if we is supposem ta reductaby it fudder, de grease will begin ta seminate into de smoke, an' dis is sho' bound ta produce da fire!

Asebeius—Fellow Zip, are you saying that the notion proposed by Heraclitus of Ephesus is correct? Namely, as he says: "No god nor man did create, but it ever was and is and will be: ever-living fire."

Zip—Now, I nebber knew no He-ra-cli-tus, but I can surely tell you dat you ain't nebber will catch dis darkie attendin' dinna' at de house of a man who is so liable and clearly partial at producin' grease fires!

Antimoerus—Yes, by Zeus, and greatly so, fellow Zip brings up a good point. This idea of reduction may, in fact, be a false temptress to the wise.

Diagoras—Have you all gone mad? But, I tell you now, what is just, must be that which is concerned with action, and nothing more.

Antimoerus—But, then, what would you say that is?

Zip—Akshun, gemmen, is de act of actin', and derefore, it is a ting dat is reductable ta itself!

Diagoras—[Stands up and stomps his feet.] God's curse you Zip! We are going around in cirlces!

Zip—Wut is a circle, sir? It is part of that maffemetic which is so known ta us as gemmetry, and do de sign at de entry of dis bildin' not say: "Let no one ignant of gemmetry enter hea."?

Asebeius—Perhaps, all is reducible to number?

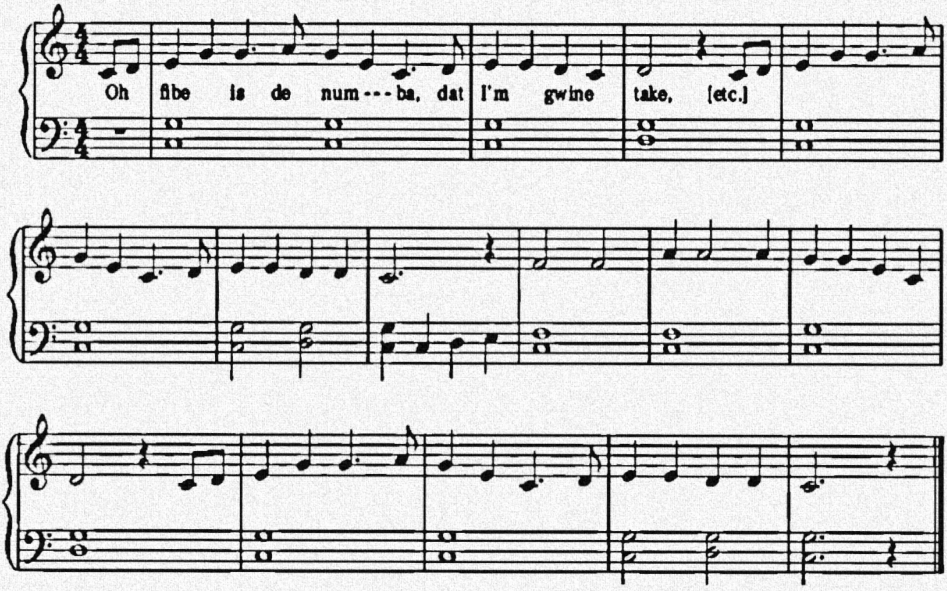
Antimoerus—Yes, perhaps.

Diagoras—[Screaming.]

[Attendant pours out sand.]

[Actors begin sand jigging routine.]

[Closing melody, e.g. "Alabama Joe".]

SHEET MUSIC FOR "DE AREEF-MATIK OB DE FIBE."

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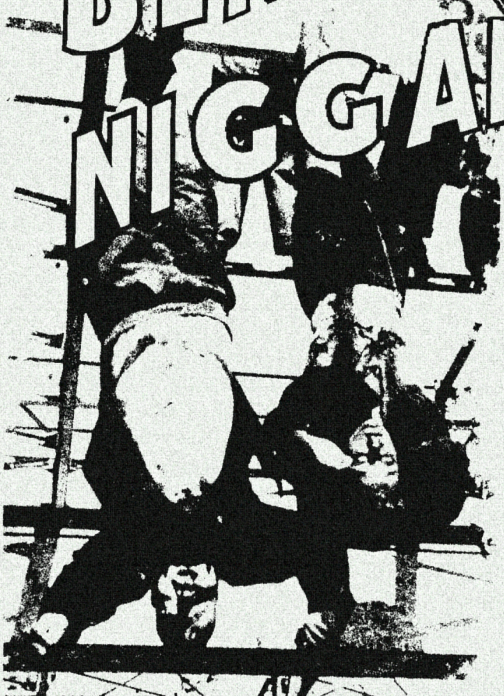
TODAY'S SECRET DARKIE

BENITO NIGGALINI!?



Only a NIGGER cud get lynched fo' doin nuffin!

faccetta nera

ON

THE ORIGIN OF SPEC

BY MEANS OF NATURA LE

ERVAT THE

FAVOURED RACES IN THE STRUGGLE

FOR LIFE.

N, B.A.,

AN, ETC., SOCIETIES;

M. S. BEAGLE'S

STUMP SPEECH
ON
"EVOLUTION"
BY
PROFESSOR MANTAN

We am's gathered hea today ta pontificate 'pon de noshon of ebbolushon, as it am been shown lenned ta us by de great schola Charles Darwin, named so on account of his fondness for chitlins.

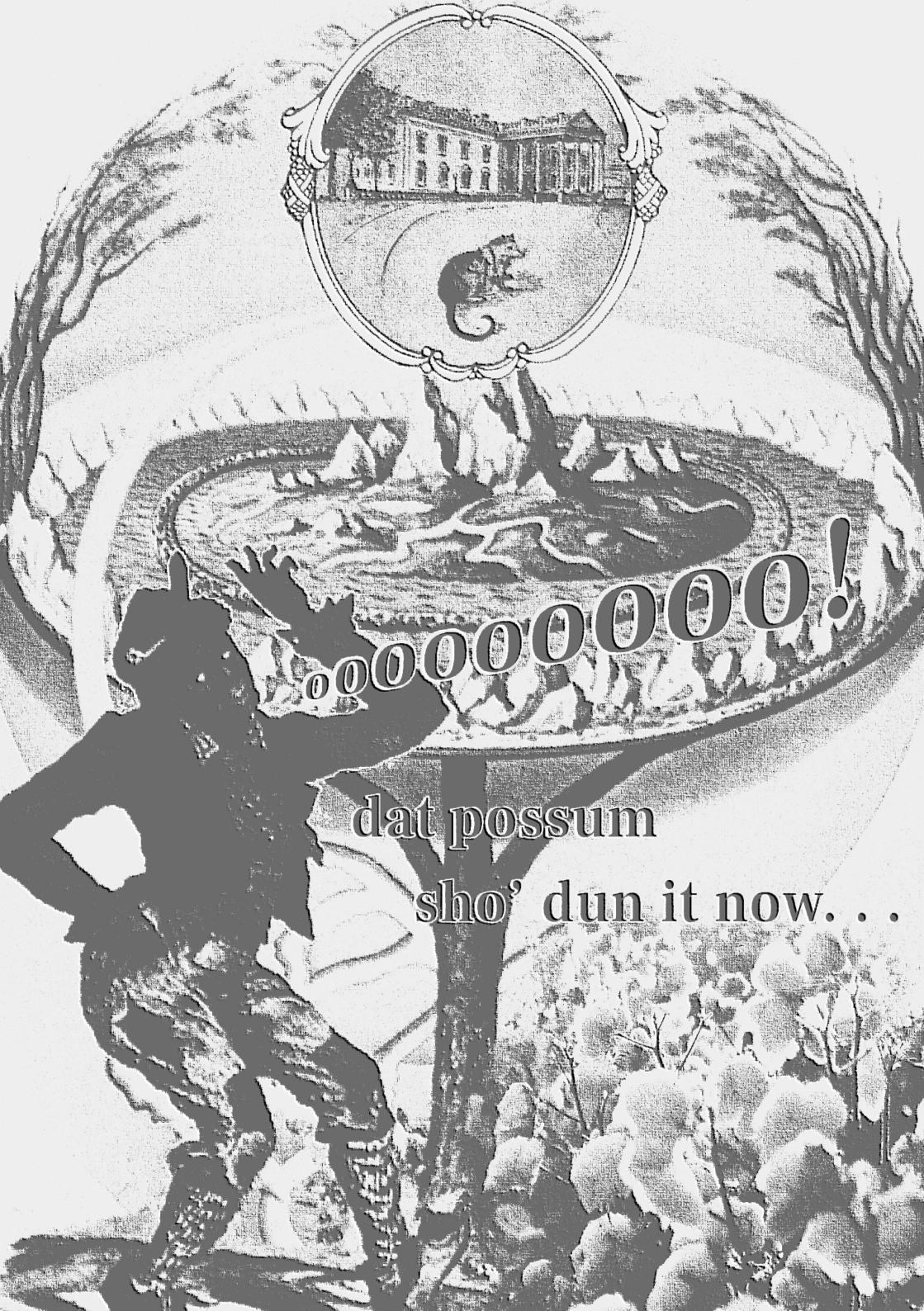
92 *MAN, AND THE NEGRO.*

"When I am told the human race,
Are all from Adam seed,
That kinky-headed coons and I,
Are from one common breed;
I think that apes and darned baboons,
Must be my brothers too;
But then I don't believe the tale,
I cant! ●, can you?"*

DOZIER.

Now, wat de book say, which he done wrote, am dat one creature, sah, de possum, is liable, obber da gen'ratins, ta become anudda one, sah, de chicken. An' dat dis sure do happen thru da nat'ral erection. Which is ta mean dat one kin' rise obber de odda'. Now, am don't know about you ladies and gemmen, but I's as equally partial ta da possum as I am to da chicken. So I am's equally puzzled as you all sho' all am, wit dis notion.

Ladies an' gemmen, hab you ebber seen a possum persuade himsef into a chikcen? If you hab, den be sho' te tell me, cuz dis hea darkie sho am's hungry!


oooooooo!
dat possum
sho' dun it now. . .

"Hit dat fifty-dollar nigga in de head wid a brick!" "Git dat wheelbarrer out ob de way!" "What doin' dar, nigga?" "Kick dat bliud child into de ribber!" "Smath dat black man ober de shin!" "Now den, you be quick dar, mighty quick!" "What de debbel de matter wid dat nigga?" "Mis'ble nigga, don't you knows you'se working for your sculp? De rebels git you, you is done gone sure!" Such were a few of the utterances of which his sable fellow-laborers delivered themselves, while the Captain of the squad assailed the culprit with certain pithy expressions not proper to be recorded. Feeling considerable sympathy for the subject of this deluge of abuse, we kindly inquired if he was tired. "Oh! Lordy, yass, massa Cunnel, I'se werry tired toten brick. It's a heap harder dan picken cotton."

"Hit dat fifty-dollar nigga in de head wid a b[illegible]"

"Hit dat fifty-dollar nigga in de head wid [illegible]

"Hit dat fifty-dollar nigga in de head wid a [illegible]"

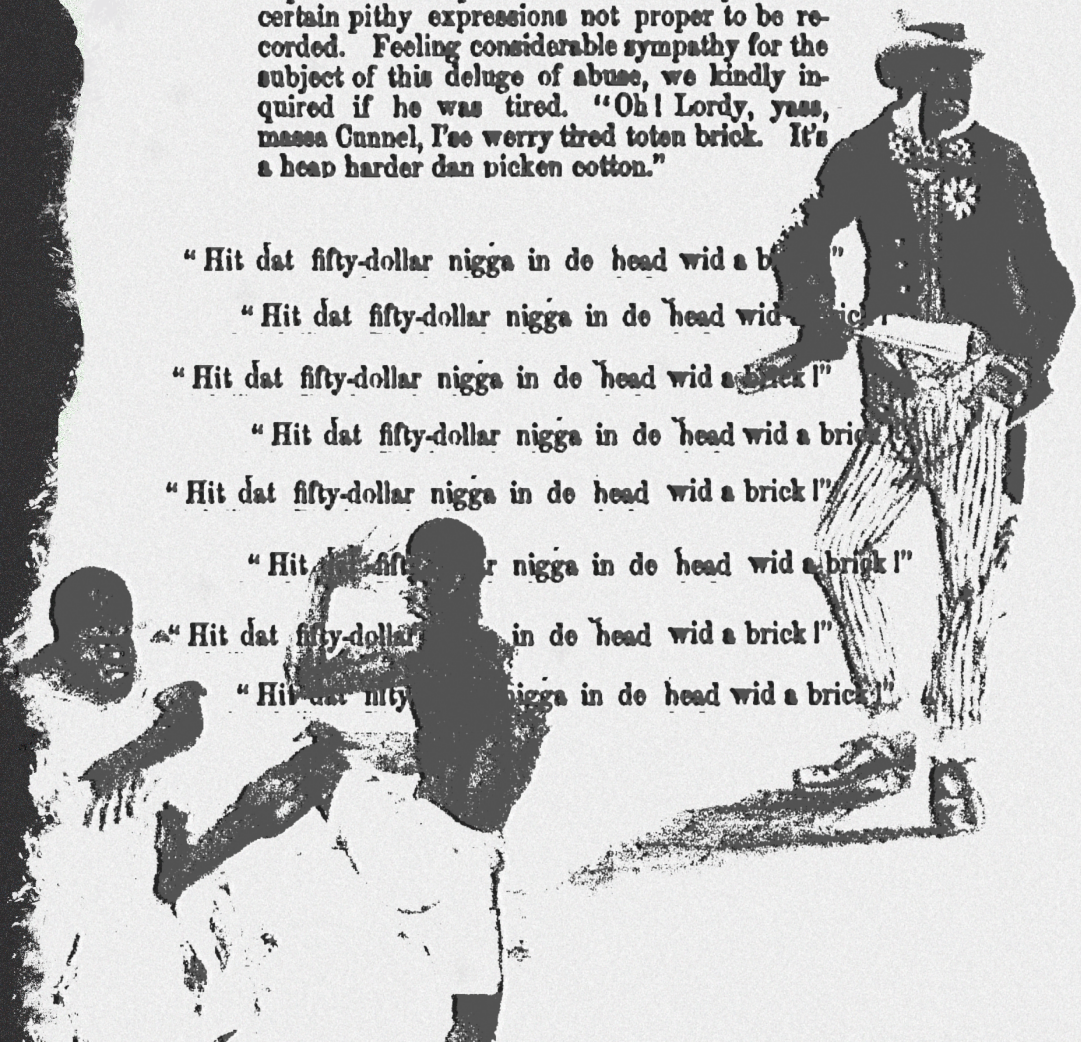
"Hit dat fifty-dollar nigga in de head wid a bric[illegible]

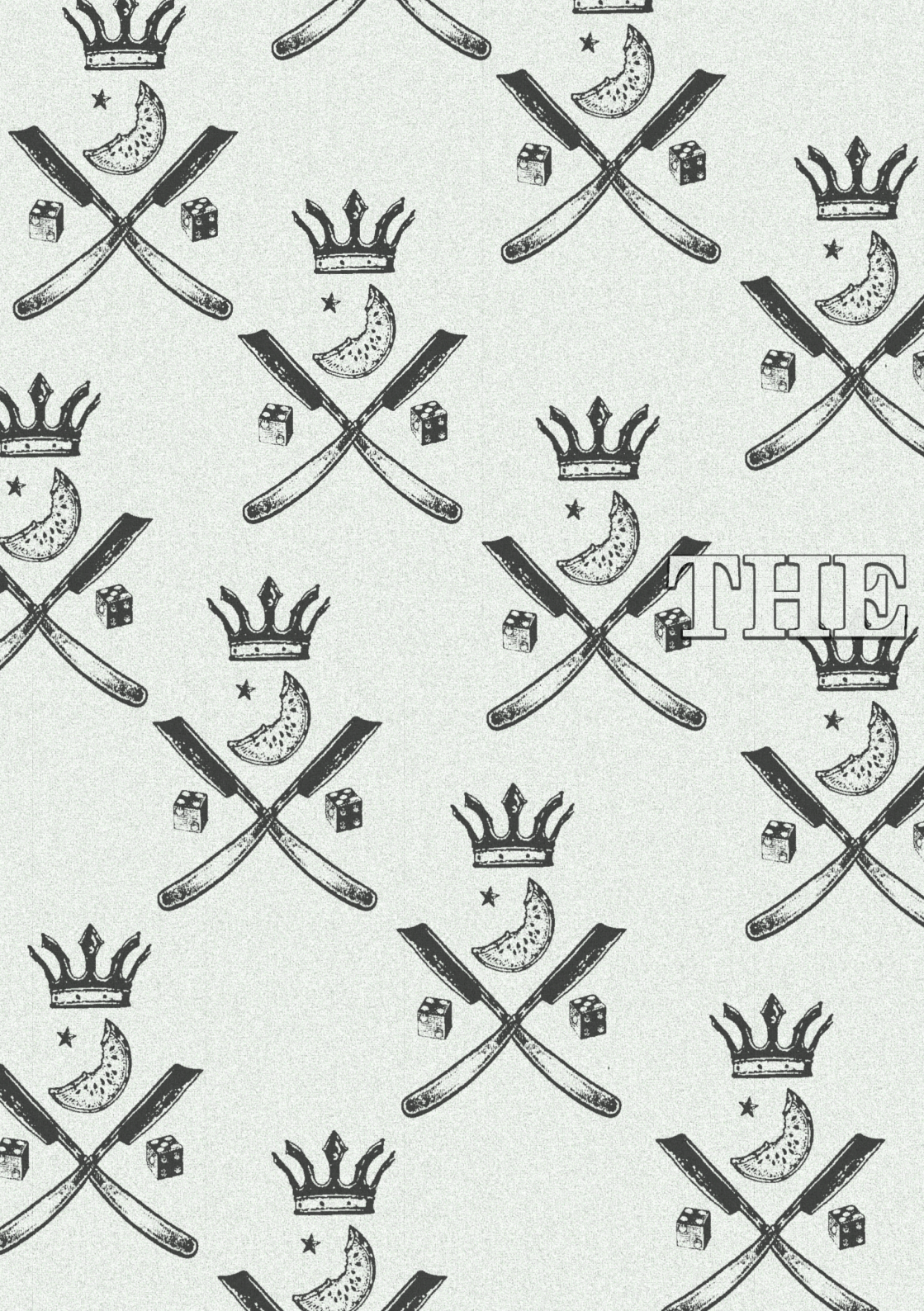
"Hit dat fifty-dollar nigga in de head wid a brick!"

"Hit [illegible] nigga in de head wid a brick!"

"Hit dat [illegible] in de head wid a brick!"

"Hit [illegible] nigga in de head wid a brick!"

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